

THE WORLD THIS WEEK
By
Robert Patterson

Once more it's birthday season for the iron fists of Europe! Last week Italy honored the 16th anniversary of the march of the black-shirted legions on Rome. This week Russia's millions will obligingly cheer the 22nd anniversary of the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks. But though the iron fists will wave menacingly as ever in the air this year, events of recent months have shown that iron fists and clay feet frequently go together. The once familiar fire-and-brimstone speeches from Italy extolling the glories of war and conquest, have softened to dove-like murmurs praising peace. Red Russia's loud alarms against "fascist aggression" have vanished into thin air. Nazism and Communism have established a working partnership. And having found the fruits of conquest in Poland and the Baltic sweet to the taste, the Soviets have lost their hatred of aggression. So millions across the seas cheer historic anniversaries. But whether they cheer for war, for peace, for aggression, for anti-aggression, depends not upon them but upon their rulers, the men with the iron fists—and the feet of clay.

"Full speed ahead!" is the government's order in the new drive for trade in South America. Cut off from many of their former European sources of supplies, Latin American republics offer tempting ground for trade expansion. And while peace reigns and the sun shines in this western hemisphere, Uncle Sam is going to make all the hay possible. A score of rival federal agencies, which have been trampling each other's feet in the rush, have now been coordinated into a single committee. But the big push to establish better relations and better business with the southern continent has bumped into opposition from several members of Congress. Determined that the United States' trade drive shall not result in "all give and no take," South American nations are demanding we import some of their goods, too. That some of those goods will compete here with American products is the nub of the current dispute. Whether that opposition is enlightened self-interest, or self-interest without enlightenment, is going to provide highly combustible fuel for debate in this country during the coming months.

Not riding the dizzying crest of a boom, but pushing steadily forward, business had news—good news—to tell last week. During the first nine months of 1939, building construction has been really going places on the Pacific coast, exceeding by several millions of dollars last year's score for the same period. Nationally, residence and commercial building has been no laggard, either. From two separate sources come statistical reports showing that construction contracts for the first nine months of this year were all of \$500,000,000 greater than the same period during the past eight years! At the same time, Southern California's airplane factories are keeping up their busy hum—so much so, that Donald Douglas, head of one of the largest aircraft plants, announces that he is giving 12,000 employees mass vacations with pay. The country can use a surfeit of such news from the business front. Aply as they can, industries are trying to fill that bill.

From the lips of a disabled war veteran came a terse summing up of war in a London court the other day. In support of his son's application for immunity from army service, the British "Tommy" told of his experiences in the trenches, his five years' suffering in a hospital, and the workless years that followed. "War," he said, "is a filthy contemptible business." P. S.—The applause was so great the judge ordered the spectators removed.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Strong at O'Connor sanitarium on Nov. 3, a daughter, who has been named Lila Lee. Mr. and Mrs. John B. Strong of Campbell are the grandparents of the new arrival.

Mrs. E. R. Kennedy is quarantined with a case of mumps, from which affliction her son Neal recently recovered.

Volume 40, Number 4

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Thursday, November 9, 1939

Guest Day Is Enjoyable Event Mon.

Guest Day was delightfully observed Monday by the Country Woman's club with a committee including Mrs. Ralph H. Hyde, chairman and Mesdames E. R. Kennedy, F. R. Anderson, C. P. Klassen, B. E. Walton, Jessie Shelley, L. C. Shank, H. E. Hansen and W. S. Smeed having arranged a delightful program, a beautifully decorated room, and a daintily appointed tea.

Chrysanthemums, both button and the larger varieties, were used in quantities, artistically arranged. The tea table was covered with a lace cloth over yellow, and the center piece was of the small yellow and bronze mums. Mrs. Willard R. Morgan, the president, and Mrs. C. H. Whitman, a visiting past president poured.

In opening the program Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Hyde extended gracious words of welcome, and then Mrs. Hyde introduced John Andrews of San Jose, who played most charmingly, Chopin's "Nocturne in F sharp major," two Cuban dances by a Mexican composer, and as an encore an Arabesque, "Butterfly."

Mrs. Willard Farr of Salinas, daughter of Mrs. Rose Hanger, was presented, and with Mrs. John M. Brunswick as her accompanist delighted her hearers with a group of songs, "The Afternoon" (Ralph Cox), "The Star" (Rodgers), "O My Dearest Daddy" (Puccini) and "The Little Damsel" (Novello).

Frank Ingerson one of the two artists of the Cathedral Oaks studio was introduced by Mrs. Morgan, a personal friend, and he read a play of his own writing, "To Please George." It was bright and full of pleasantries and modern wit, and well read.

Dainty refreshments were served during a social hour which concluded the happy occasion.

The next meeting will be on Nov. 20, subject "Reminiscences of Treasure Island."

Charling-Van Every Wedding Set for Friday

The marriage of Henry Larsen Charling of Oakland and Barbara Elizabeth Van Every of San Jose will be solemnized Friday evening at 7 o'clock in the Campbell Congregational church, the Rev. J. H. Bennett officiating.

The Van Every family were residents of Hamilton district for a number of years and the young people attended Campbell schools, and the youth groups of the Congregational church.

Turkey Whist At Cambrian

The second of a series of turkey whists sponsored by the Cambrian Home and School club will be held in the school auditorium on Saturday, Dec. 9 at 8:30 o'clock.

There will be many turkeys, a turkey door prize and many other prizes.

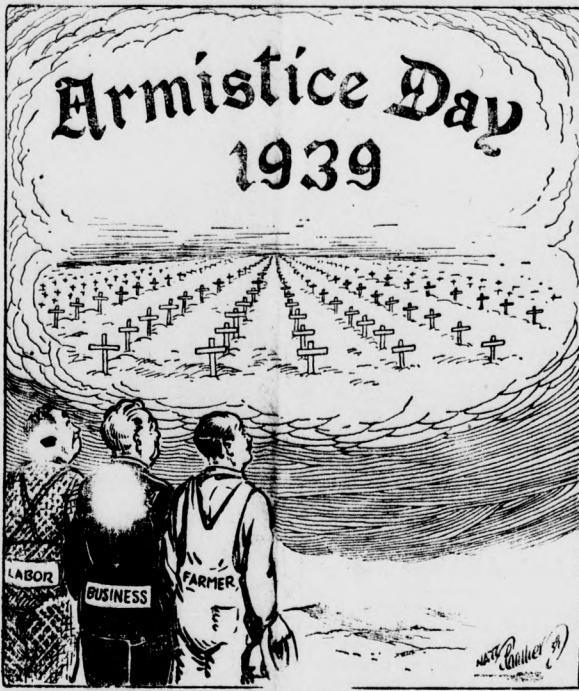
Refreshments will be served by the committee in charge which includes Mrs. R. Nelson and Mrs. Clarence Fagalde.

The public is cordially invited, The Cambrian school is on the San Jose-Los Gatos highway.

Dorothy Green Crash Victim

Dorothy Green, a 16 year old student died yesterday from auto injuries suffered in a crash in Santa Clara Monday. A former resident of Campbell she had been living recently in San Jose. Wanda Gartner of Campbell suffered a broken leg and cuts in the same accident. George Antrobus driver of the car died Wednesday.

A TIMELY REMINDER



Grammar P.-T.A. Met Tuesday

The November meeting of the Campbell Union Grammar School P.-T. A. was held Tuesday with the vice-president, Mrs. G. E. Jeffers, presiding.

The resignation of Mrs. Roy Bartholomew as treasurer was accepted, and Mrs. O. C. Jensen elected to take her place.

Mrs. Jeffers reported on the recent study group meeting that was held Friday at the home of Mrs. Arthur Wellington at which time Mrs. Esther Short, the school nurse gave a talk on "The Exceptional Child." The next study group will meet on Dec. 1 at 3 o'clock, the place to be announced later.

Mrs. Dan Clark announced that in the recent paper drive the low fifth grade won the room prize for getting the most paper, while Patsy Griffin won the high individual prize. Over 14 tons of paper were collected by the children.

Mrs. Edward Benesh said there would be a prize for the room which secured the most members for the P.-T. A. during the membership drive.

A play is to be put on some time in January with Ray Fish in charge.

It was voted to provide a dentist for the school for the two days asked for by the school nurse.

The next meeting, Father's Night, will be on the evening of Dec. 5 with Mrs. Frank Garner as chairman. The members voted not to have a pot-luck supper but refreshments afterward.

The program began with a group of songs sung by the glee club of the seventh and eighth grades and directed by Allan Risdon.

Miss Bessie McCabe, assistant county superintendent of schools in charge of curriculum work spoke on "Recent Changes in the Elementary Curriculum" explaining how a new course of study is formed and changed to meet new conditions.

The hostesses for the social hour were members of the eighth grades.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Simonds of North Second street are the happy parents of a son born at the San Jose hospital Nov. 1. The little fellow has been named Charles Gustav. Mr. Simonds is principal of the Cambrian grammar school.

Harold Shelley and his mother, Mrs. Jessie A. Shelley, returned recently from a months visit with Mrs. Shelley's brother, E. H. Mahaffey who has a game preserve in western Colorado. Their trip also included visits to Zion Canyon and Boulder Dam.

If any one found upon their premises the morning after Halloween a 12 foot step ladder, or knows of its whereabouts kindly notify the Campbell post office. One such was taken from the store room, and to date inquiries have failed to locate it.

Mrs. Carboni Is Hostess to Pundita Circle

Members of Pundita Circle assembled yesterday at the home of Mrs. L. J. Carboni to observe "Founder's Day," with Mrs. B. O. Curry and Mrs. M. E. Purmort assisting hostesses.

Beautiful bouquets of roses from the gardens of Mesdames Curry and Carboni attracted much attention as rather unusual for November.

The president, Mrs. Rose Hanger reported the recent meeting of the county federation held at Morgan Hill.

Announcement was made of the meeting of the flower section of the club with Mrs. F. Stephens in the Vaughn subdivision, Nov. 15.

Mrs. Curry related the organization of the club in 1911 and some of its activities. During the years of its existence, although membership at one time is limited to 30, there have been 150 names on the register.

Mrs. Purmort read a paper written by Mrs. W. H. Stray outlining some phases of the club's work.

Roll call was responded to under the theme "My responsibility to Pundita."

Group singing of several old songs, with Mrs. A. Christian Anderson at the piano, was enjoyed.

The next meeting will be in December with Mrs. C. E. York hostess.

Clubmen Hear Talk On London

Kiwanians heard an interesting description of the London of the past compared with the city of today as given by Rev. J. H. Bennett at Tuesday's meeting.

One of the features that is especially notable to visitors is the antiquity of many of the buildings contrasted with the very up to date underground transportation system, and lovely parks.

Next week Irving Minnehan, deputy coroner of San Jose will explain the duties and responsibilities of the coroner's office.

A turkey whist will be held Tuesday, Nov. 14 at St. Martin's hall at 2157 West San Carlos street in San Jose, for the benefit of St. Lucy's church of Campbell. The public is cordially invited. Tickets are on sale at Gilson's market.

Mrs. T. B. White of Detroit, Mich., who has been a guest for the past three weeks of relatives, Miss Jessie L. Lewis and Mrs. Maude A. Lewis is leaving tomorrow for her home, returning by way of Los Angeles where she will spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Covey of Gilroy were visiting relatives and friends in Campbell Monday.

Local Director Announces Arrival Of Xmas Seals

CHRISTMAS SEALS

Willard H. Van Dyke, local Christmas Seal sale chairman and Dr. W. I. Merrill, other member of the board, announce the arrival of 500,000 Christmas seals at the main office in San Jose.

These colorful stickers will be put in the mail December 1. The Christmas seals are the sole support of the Santa Clara County Tuberculosis association in its preventive program throughout the county. The need is still great. Last year, in California, more people were killed by tuberculosis than were killed in auto accidents.

Bet Losers Push Wheelbarrows, Victors Aboard

Early Wednesday morning Otis Hyde, earnest worker for Proposition 1 and P. H. Wightman, also for "Ham and Eggs," paid off their election bets to J. O. Leverton and H. H. Phillips. The winners were pushed down Campbell avenue from First street to the railroad tracks and back in wheelbarrows, by the losers. L. Genasei was on hand to cheer the losers and Ira Abbott took motion pictures of the spectacle.

In Tuesday's election Campbell precincts turned in a vote of 772 votes against the Ham and Eggs proposition, and 525 yes. An especially active campaign had been conducted here for the proposition.

Engagement of Barbara Baird Is Announced

Entertaining at a smartly appointed breakfast at O'Brien's Sunday, Miss Barbara June Baird, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Preston Baird of this city announced her betrothal to James William Trowbridge, son of Ross and the late Mrs. Trowbridge of Campbell.

The table was centered with white cut flowers surrounded by gardenia corsages for the guests, a group of close girlhood friends, and the betrothal news was concealed in the place cards.

Those bidden to the party were all Los Gatos high school graduates of which school Miss Baird is also an alumna.

The wedding date has not been set but it will be early in the new year. The bride-elect's sororities are Zeta Rho in the high school and Ero Sophian at San Jose State college.

Mr. Trowbridge is a member of Zeta Xi at the University of California at Davis, from which he graduated last year. The future residence of the couple will be near Yuba City where Mr. Trowbridge is farming and preparing their new home.

Relief Offices To Close 11th

The Santa Clara county offices of the State Relief Administration will be closed all day Saturday, (Nov. 11) in observance of the Armistice Day holiday, it was announced today by Frank J. Blake, county director.

The order was issued by Walter Chambers, state SRA director, in compliance with instructions given out by Gov. Culbert L. Olson in declaring the day a legal holiday.

Miss Helen Stray went to San Francisco Friday where she met Mrs. Kenneth Cooperrider, the former Polly Maxon, with whom she spent the day in the city. In the evening they went on to Mrs. Mrs. Kenneth Cooperrider, the Miss Stray returning to Campbell on Sunday.

Sixth Dist. P.-T.A. to Meet 13th

The annual recreation conference for members of the Sixth District of Parents and Teachers will be held in Dunne hall, civic auditorium, San Jose, Monday, Nov. 13. Conference delegates from every part of the district which includes Santa Clara and San Benito counties will be present.

Recreation activities will be demonstrated and delegates are requested to view them before the program.

Mrs. Morgan D. Baker, recreation chairman in the district, extends an invitation to the general public and all interested in recreation activities to hear the following program:

1:30 Music.
1:45 Opening of the conference —Mrs. Charles Haskell Danforth, president, 6th district C. C. P. T.
2:00 "Recreation" — George Hjelle, state chairman recreation C. C. P. T. and recreation director of the city of Los Angeles.

2:15 "Local Recreation Problems"—(a) Major George Braden, (b) W. H. Orion.

3:45 Symposium on recreation—Marvin Kahn, Emil Bouscher, Cecil George, Frank Bramhall, Mrs. M. D. Baker, and others.

4:30 Section Conference — (a) adult recreation, Major Braden; (b) young women and girls, Miss Winifred Van Hagen; (c) young men and boys, W. H. Orion.

The dinner session will be held at the St. Claire hotel at 6:30 with Mrs. M. D. Baker, chairman of recreation, 6th district, presiding. Dinner reservation may be made with Mrs. Baker, San Jose, or council presidents.

The introduction of special guests will be made by Mrs. Danforth. The address "Responsibility of the Municipal Government for Recreational Programs" will be given by George Hjelle.

There will be a panel discussion by Miss Van Hagen, Mrs. Leo Hedges, Mrs. J. H. Hamilton, Victor Petersen, Howard Ray and James Parsons.

Parents Are Enteratined By Boy Scouts

Boy Scout troop number 28 under the leadership of Scout-master Gus Standish held a "parents night" session in the Scout hall last night.

Regular scouting ceremonies were demonstrated, and each patrol presented a stunt to illustrate the pledge "to do a good turn each day."

Refreshments were served by the boys, cooking being one of the things by which the boys may acquire credits.

Chest Drive to Be Extended

The Campbell Community Council at a meeting held yesterday decided to extend the campaign period for solicitation of funds for the 1940 community chest, for another week, hoping that the \$300 which is still needed to complete the budget may be subscribed.

Any who have not contributed are urged to do so, even if the amount is small, every little helps.

Mrs. W. H. Crothers of Hamilton avenue who had been confined to her home for several weeks with a severe case of pleurisy is again able to make brief shopping trips to Campbell.

J. G. Relfe, North Central avenue has been suffering from recurrent attacks of heart trouble, but is reported slightly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gillis have arrived from Anoka, Minn., to spend the winter. At present they are with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Purmort.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Belligerents Fight for Favor Of European Neutral States; 'Flint' Incident Still Simmers

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

THE WAR IN BRIEF

Unorthodox warfare continued on the western front, original positions being assumed after Nazis forced the French to relinquish early gains. Though 1,500,000 German troops were massed at the Siegfried line, any offensive must come immediately or not until next spring. Three solid days of rainfall left trenches half-filled with water and stranded the highly touted mechanized artillery. Then came snow and sleet.

Diplomatic activity continued at top speed, far overshadowing the actual war. Turkey's new pact with Britain to guarantee the eastern Mediterranean was the source of all efforts, which resolved into a frantic scurrying among belligerents to line up neutrals. At Danzig, German Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop furnished diversion by lashing at British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain for "breaking promises." He also tried to drive a wedge between the allies by wooing France. Two days later Chamberlain replied just as scornfully. In the Balkans, Britain encour-



RIBBENTROP
Scornful

aged Turkish formation of a neutral bloc, using what some observers called poor strategy by apparently neglecting to consult Italy.

While the Reich wooed Rumania, Turkey and Hungary by threats, Britain was more subtle. Under consideration at London were trade pacts to assure the neutrality of Sweden, Netherlands, Finland, Latvia, Turkey and Russia. To soothe the latter nation, Chamberlain agreed that Dictator Josef Stalin's invasion of Poland had been necessary for protection against German aggression.

Russia continued negotiations with Finland, but their nature remained mysterious. Finnish Foreign Minister Eljas Erko called "just as unfounded as all others" the latest report that Russia had demanded concessions in the Gulf of Finland, a friendship policy between the Kremlin and Finland, and destruction of all fortifications in the strategic Aaland islands. Some observers believed Russian demands on Finland were increased to offset the Soviet's diplomatic defeat in Turkey. But it remained unlikely that Russia would invade Finland.



CHAMBERLAIN
So was he.

MARINE: 'Flint' Saga

German seizure of the 5,000-ton U. S. S. *City of Flint* bid fair to affect world commerce far more than all the 100-odd vessels which bombs and torpedoes have sent to the bottom since November 1. Carrying contraband to Britain, the *Flint* was seized by Germany in mid-Atlantic, taken first to Norway and then to Murmansk, Russia, where her American crew was reported safe. But the Soviet indicated Germany would get the ship, thereby relieving Joseph Stalin of bickering with the U. S. Most observers agreed the Reich was justified in seizing



THE REICH BREAKS LOOSE

Nazi raiders have broken Britain's North sea blockade to raid Atlantic shipping, and Britain cannot hunt them down without weakening her home defenses. Evidence of raiding: British liner *Stonegate* picked up torpedo victims at (1), was then torpedoed herself (2), probably by the *Deutschland*, which proceeded north to capture the U. S. S. *City of Flint* (3) and sail her to Tromsø, Norway, (4) where *Stonegate* passengers were dumped. *City of Flint* was then taken to Murmansk, Russia (5). In the heavily protected North sea (6) a convoyed Greek steamer was sunk, while three British vessels went down 80 miles off Gibraltar (7). A French sub reported driving five Nazi raiders to an African port (8).

the *Flint*, but few expected his next bold move. Berlin ordered a prize court hearing to determine whether the boat, crew or cargo should be freed.

Britain began crowing prematurely about her "speedy" inspection of neutral vessels by contrast with German blundering. U. S. skippers thereupon complained to Washington that Britain's contraband control was actually pretty bad, often

taking 18 days to clear a boat. Result: A "gentleman's agreement" to speed inspection.

Obviously the *Flint* incident put Russia on a spot. By releasing her to the American crew, Russia would snub an erstwhile ally, Germany. As it was, the Soviet incurred U. S. skepticism. If Russia again offers haven to a neutral vessel seized by Germany, the Kremlin might well be asked to tell how she stands in 1939's war.

There was a strong hint of her position in another *Flint* aftermath. At Moscow, British Ambassador Sir William Seeds was given a note rejecting Soviet recognition of Britain's war contraband list because it violates international law and impairs neutral rights. Incredulous at such effrontery, a London spokesman blurted: "Fantastic!"

CONGRESS: Victory, Then What?

If an isolationist filibuster was really delaying action on the neutrality bill, the *City of Flint* incident (See MARINE) was enough to end it. Next day the senate agreed to allow each speaker 45 minutes for the bill and an extra 45 minutes for each amendment. Lashed by acid-tongued John Nance Garner, who rebuked the senate for being a "horse-and-buggy outfit," battling solons called a truce to approve amendments (1) banning 90-day credits to either belligerent nations or their residents and (2) lifting shipping restrictions against American boats in the Pacific (except armament), Bermuda, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Tasmanian sea and Capetown. Rejected was an amendment to make President Roosevelt sole judge of the necessity for invoking neutrality. There was good chance another amendment would pass: To forbid any belligerent ship from flying the U. S. flag as defense against a foe.

As early as two days before the senate's final vote, Isolationists Borah and Nye conceded administration forces a two-thirds victory. But they were more hopeful about the house, where neutrality would run against pretty strong opposition. An attempt to invoke parliamentary rules (preventing amendments to the senate bill) was conceded little chance.

PEOPLE: Dies Coup

At Washington, Texas' Red-baiting Rep. Martin Dies achieved publicity with his list of 563 U. S. employees who are on a "membership and mailing list" of the pinkish American League for Peace and Democracy. In the house an argument brewed over the suggestion by Washington's Rep. John Coffee that Dies' He looked for reds. un-Americanism committee be disowned for insinuating that all 563 employees were Communists.

At Phoenix, Ariz., the state insane hospital announced Winnie Ruth Judd, notorious trunk slayer of 1931, had escaped leaving a note: "I'm only going to see my father and my husband . . ."



TEXAS' DIES

Household News By Eleanor Howe



ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR CAKES

See Recipes Below.

Let's All Have Tea

There's something so social about serving tea! Friends and neighbors drop in for a bit of rest and relaxation, conversation flourishes, and the whole house is aglow with hospitality.

Serving tea is one of the simplest and most gracious ways of entertaining—whether you invite one guest or fifty. It may be a cozy, informal affair with only a few "handpicked" friends invited, and simple bread and butter sandwiches, with a cup of perfectly brewed tea for refreshments. Or, you may plan a much larger, more elaborate tea as a means of entertaining the Parent-Teacher association, the Garden club, or perhaps the Women's auxiliary of your husband's lodge.

Formal or informal, large or small, you'll find that beforehand preparations and carefully laid plans help to make this kind of entertaining easy. Admit the limitations of your budget, your equipment, your time and strength, and don't plan more than you can carry out comfortably and sensibly. Remember that a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter can make a party if the tea is perfectly made, the bread enticingly thin, and the service dainty and attractive.

Keep sandwiches, muffins, cakes and cookies small and dainty. If your invitation list numbers a large number of guests, bake your favorite cakes in jelly roll pans, frost, and cut into small, diagonal pieces.

Ginger Cream Cakes.
To make these clever little cakes, use the thin gingersnaps or cookie ordinarily sold on the market. Allow from three to five to a serving. Put together with sweetened whipped cream in the same manner as in frosting a miniature layer cake. Cover the top and sides generously with the cream, and chill thoroughly. Ground candied ginger may be sprinkled sparingly over the tops. One cup of whipping cream will make six cakes.

Orange Ice Cream.
1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
½ cup cold water
1½ cups sugar
1½ cups boiling water
1½ cups orange juice
½ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons orange rind (grated)
2 cups coffee cream
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs (beaten separately)
Soak the gelatin in the cold water for five minutes. Dissolve sugar in boiling water and add to the gelatin, stirring until dissolved. Add the orange juice, orange rind, lemon juice, coffee cream, salt, and beaten egg yolks. Fold in egg whites and pour mixture into freezing container of ice cream freezer. Assemble and cover. Then pack mixture of crushed ice and rock salt (use three parts ice to one part salt, by volume) around the freezing container. Turn crank slowly but steadily. When mixture becomes too stiff to turn, remove cover carefully, take out dasher, and pack down evenly with a spoon. Cover ice cream with wax paper and replace cover. Repack. Cover and allow to harden at least one hour before serving.

One-Two-Three-Four Cakes.
(Makes four dozen small cup cakes)
1 cup margarine
2 cups sugar
4 eggs (separated)
3 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 teaspoons flavoring
Cream the margarine thoroughly. Add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add

egg yolks, and beat well. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in small, well greased muffin pans in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees) for about 20 minutes. Frost as desired.

Brown Bread Peanut Sandwiches.
Slice Boston Brown bread very thin, spread with creamed butter, sprinkle generously with finely chopped salted peanuts.

Parsley Sandwiches.
Slice day-old bread ¼-inch thick. Cut into rounds with a doughnut cutter, toast one side, and spread with parsley butter. To make parsley butter, cream butter, add lemon juice to taste, and finely minced parsley.

Banana Nut Bread.
¼ cup butter
½ cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups general purpose flour
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup chopped nut meats
½ cup wheat bran
1½ cups mashed bananas
2 tablespoons sour milk
Cream butter and add sugar slowly, beating constantly. Add eggs one at a time—beating thoroughly. Mix and sift the flour, soda, salt, and baking powder. Add nut meats and wheat bran to this mixture. Combine bananas and sour cream. Add flour mixture alternately with banana mixture—beating thoroughly after each addition. Bake in well-greased loaf pan in a moderate oven (350 degrees) about 1¼ hours.

Note: This bread is really better if sliced the second day. Delicious for sandwiches with butter or with unflavored cream cheese for filling.

Reception Cakes.
(Makes 90 two-inch cakes)
2 cups shortening (part butter for flavor)
4 cups sugar
16 egg yolks
9 cups cake flour
8 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
1½ tablespoons orange or lemon extract
1. Cream the shortening; add sugar very slowly, beating well after each addition.
2. Beat the egg yolks until very thick, and add gradually to the creamed mixture.
3. Sift dry ingredients together, and add alternately with the milk and extract.
4. Pour the batter into large jelly roll pans, which have been greased and lined with wax paper.
5. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 30 minutes. Cool, and cut into diamonds.

Send for Your Copy of 'Easy Entertaining.'
In her cookbook, "Easy Entertaining," Eleanor Howe gives you suggestions for a Halloween menu, as well as countless other holiday meals, children's parties, "teen-age" parties, picnics, and a wedding reception—you'll find ideas for all these and other social occasions.

Send ten cents in coin to "Easy Entertaining," care of Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and get your copy of this book now.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Burglar-Proof
Ordinary window latches can be burglar-proofed by boring a hole in the turning part of the catch. A small padlock locked in the hole will not allow the catch to be opened.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT



requires 4½ yards of 36 or 39-inch fabric, with long sleeves. With short sleeves, 4½ yards; ½ yard contrasting for collar.

No. 1825 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 10 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material for jacket-blouse with long sleeves; 1½ yards for skirt; ½ yard for contrasting collar and cuffs; 1½ yards 39-inch material to line jacket-blouse; 2 yards to line skirt.

New Fall Pattern Book.
Special extra! Send today for your new Fall Pattern Book with a stunning selection of a hundred perfect patterns for all shapes and sizes. Save money and know the keen satisfaction of personally planned, perfectly fitted garments by making your own frocks with these smart, carefully cut designs. You can't go wrong—every pattern includes a step-by-step sew chart to guide beginners. Price of Pattern Book, 15 cents.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

FOR A GOOD TIME ANY TIME...
POP JOLLYTIME
POP CORN
GUARANTEED TO POP
AT YOUR GROCER'S

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
EVER TRY... Wieland's EXTRA PALE

HOTEL CRANE
In the Shopping Center. Modern comfort at reasonable prices. \$1.00 without bath. \$1.50 with bath. Attractive weekly rates. 245 POWELL ST. NEAR GEARY ST. SAN FRANCISCO

Proud Hearts
What hypocrites we seem to be whenever we talk of ourselves!—Our words sound so humble while our hearts are so proud.—Hare.

"Black Leaf 40"
KILLS LICE
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

NO EXTRA COST FOR VITAMIN A

(CAROTENE)
SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS
(BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢)



Don't let winter catch you unprepared

If you want a winter oil that will flow freely at low temperature, yet be sturdy enough to stand up under hard driving . . . if you want an oil of exceptional purity, to give your car the safest possible protection against sludge, carbon and corrosion . . . then drive your car around to your nearest Quaker State dealer and

... change now to Acid-Free Quaker State Motor Oil!

Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.



COMING UP

NOVEMBER 15: Italy to inaugurate Rome-Rio de Janeiro-Buenos Aires airline. (In Washington, the U. S. bid for Latin-American business by combining a score of agencies. Pan-American airlines asked for an airline between Los Angeles and Mexico City. American Export lines asked a New York-to-France line.)
NOVEMBER 27: Communist Earl Browder, indicted on charge of obtaining a false passport, to go on trial. His comment: "... Even the reactionary Hoover regime . . . decided there were no grounds for prosecution (in the case). Now it is warmed over . . ."
DECEMBER 4: Unless member nations protest, the League of Nations, formed to keep Versailles' peace, will meet at Geneva while cannon are blasting.

Tot Will Enjoy Her Three-Piece Knit Suit



Pattern 6312

Mother or big sister! Knit this three-piece. It's mainly in stockinette stitch and the skirt is knitted to give the effect of pleats! It's a suit that gives smart all-year-round wear. Pattern 6312 contains instructions for making the suit in 6, 8 and 10-year size; illustrations of it and of stitches; materials needed.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

IT'S POP CORN TIME

THERE is no confection so widely used and universally liked as pop corn. It is a perennial ice-breaker at almost any social function. Here is a recipe that is sure to be enjoyed:

Honey Pop Corn Balls

1 cup honey 1/2 cup oil
1 cup sugar 1 tablespoon butter
1/2 cup water 4 quarts pop corn
1/2 teaspoonful cream

Boil honey, sugar, and water with cream of tartar until it turns brittle when tested in cold water. Add butter. Mix with warm pop corn and shape into balls. Green or red vegetable coloring can be added to the syrup.

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To suspect a friend is worse than to be deceived by him.—La Rochefoucauld.

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Prologue to Love

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By MARTHA OSTENSO

THE STORY THUS FAR

Lovely, independent Autumn Dean, returning home to British Columbia from abroad without her father's knowledge, stops at the home of Hector Cardigan, an old family friend. He tells her that she should not have come home, that things have changed. Arriving home at the "Castle of the Norns," she is greeted lovingly by her father, Jarvis Dean, who gives her to understand that she is home—for a short visit. Her mother, former belle named Millicent Odell, has been dead for years. Autumn cannot understand her father's attitude, though gives him to understand that she is home for good. Her father gives a welcoming dance at the castle. Autumn meets Florian Parr, dashing, well-educated, young man of the countryside. Late in the evening Autumn leaves the dance, rides horseback to the neighboring ranch where she meets Bruce Landor, friend and champion of her childhood days. He takes her to see his mother, an invalid. His father is dead, thought to have killed himself. As soon as his mother sees Autumn she commands Bruce to take her away, that death follows in the wake of the Odells. Autumn is both saddened and perplexed. Bruce, apologetic, can offer no reason for his mother's attitude. Autumn calls again on Hector Cardigan—this time to find out the reason for Mrs. Landor's outburst. From his conversation she inferred that Geoffrey Landor killed himself because he loved Millicent Dean, she inferred that Geoffrey Landor rides to the spot where his father's body was found years before. There he meets Autumn. Autumn and he talk of their families. They agree that her mother and his father loved each other deeply—and that their love is the cause of present antagonism. Florian Parr, at the castle for dinner, proposes to Autumn. She refuses him. The next day Autumn meets Bruce in a herder's cabin. There they declare their love for each other, and determine to stand together against everyone who might come between them. Autumn tells her father that she is going to marry Bruce. She is aghast to see his reaction, and is agonized to hear him whisper that Geoffrey Landor did not take his own life. He tells her the story. Millicent, his wife, and Geoffrey Landor had fallen in love with each other. But Millicent would not break her marriage vows. Meeting Landor one day in a secluded spot, Jarvis Dean was forced to fight with him. Landor is accidentally killed by his own gun. Autumn knows then that everything is ended between Bruce and herself.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Autumn snatched hat and gloves from the chair and abruptly turned to the door.

Hector put out a hand. "Where are you going, Autumn?" he asked, his voice trembling.

"I'm starting for hell!" she retorted. "So long!"

He took her arm gently. "Won't you let me talk to you?" he pleaded.

"You had your chance to do that last week," she told him. "It's too late for that now."

She flung out of the house and ran to her car. In a moment she was climbing out of the valley on the winding trail that led to Kelowna.

The room into which the younger Parr girl led Autumn was cool and fragrant with roses. It had been done in pale green and ivory. A rug of fawn-color covered the floor.

"What a sweet room!" Autumn said as she glanced about her.

"I'm glad you like it," said the girl in a voice of careful indolence. "My room is there—next to this." She pointed with her cigarette holder, a long magenta affair which she held poised in her right hand. Under her left arm she carried a silver mop which Autumn had already learned was a Belgian griffin. The girl was a slender ash-blond, with eyes of a hazy violet, and lips that were brilliantly rouged.

The open doorway that led to the adjoining room revealed a mauve-toned boudoir that somehow seemed a perfect setting for the girl.

Autumn glanced at the room and then turned to pat the dog on the girl's arm. "What do you call him, Miss Parr?" she asked.

"His name is Koochook—which sounds a bit Eskimoish—but it's spelled C-a-o-u-t-e-h-o-u-c—which on the Ganges or somewhere means India rubber. And for God's sake, don't call me 'Miss Parr.' You'll scare everybody to death around here. My devoted parents tagged me with 'Melinda' when I was too young to have any opinions of my own. I get 'Linda'—but I prefer 'Lin'—if you don't mind."

"Rather not," Autumn replied. "I like it."

She saw that her bag had been brought in and unpacked, and her things laid out in orderly fashion on the bed.

"I had my faithful slave attend to your clothes," Linda said. "You'd like a shower, perhaps. The bath is on the left, there, between our rooms."

"Thanks," Autumn said. "I'd like nothing better."

Linda reclined on a chaise-longue, smoking, her dog on the velvet upholstery beside her, while Autumn undressed.

"You're a sort of cross between me and my sister Elinor," she said as she watched Autumn appraisingly. "Elinor is the horse of the family. That may have sounded funny, but I didn't mean any reflection on you."

Autumn laughed, won out of her depression somewhat, in spite of herself. "Where is Elinor?" she asked.

Linda waved a languid arm. "God knows. Probably down pruning the apple-trees—no, I guess it's not the season for that. Spraying them, maybe, or whatever it is they do at this time of year. Or she may be out shooting squirrels. She's a little odd, poor Elinor, but you'll like her."

"I'm sure I shall like all of you," Autumn said, a little helplessly.

"I'm not at all sure," Linda protested. "We're a bit touched, if you ask me. The stock is good enough, but something must have gone wrong in the breeding. The family takes itself quite seriously, too—except Florian and me. We spend most of our time laughing at the others—and ourselves."

"There's a saving grace in that," Autumn remarked.

"You're the only thing Florian has ever taken seriously—except polo," Linda observed, blowing smoke rings. "The poor boy is hit—and hit hard."

"Oh, nonsense!" Autumn laughed coolly.

But she colored as she felt Linda's scrutiny change to a mobile, slow sort of approval.

"Can't say I blame him, either," Linda added. "You'd make a decorative sister-in-law."

The girl was part and parcel of all that Autumn had left behind her in Europe. Behind her mask of indolence there was a rapacity for living. Autumn knew her kind very well, though she was somewhat surprised to find it here.

"Are you in love with Florian, by any chance?" Linda asked suddenly as Autumn tossed her negligee about her shoulders and thrust her feet into her mules.

Autumn smiled. "I don't think so—not yet, at any rate," she replied.

"I might have known as much," Linda said. "The Parrs are such damned fools!" Her voice trailed away, as though it was too much of an effort for her to express her contempt for the breed.

Autumn hurried off to take her shower. When she returned, Linda was sitting where she had left her.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she said as she set about dressing. "Don't hurry," Linda replied lazily. "No one hurries around here. Florian will probably be gnawing his nails if he isn't getting tight. But it'll do him good to wait. I was terribly sorry, by the way, that I couldn't go to your dance. Florian said it was a great success."

"He told me you were disappointed," Autumn said. "I was sorry, too."

"I had a bum ankle that day. Came home late the night before and tripped over a rubber hose somebody had carelessly left on the lawn."

"We had the whole countryside there," Autumn told her.

"So Florian said. Bruce Landor didn't turn up, I understand."

Autumn started at the mention of Bruce's name. She turned away from Linda to pick up a garment from the bed, fearing that her face might betray the quickening of her heart. "His mother has been very ill," she said evasively.

"I know. She's been dying for a year. I believe nothing keeps her alive but sheer cussedness. She knows Bruce will have a chance to get around as soon as she's gone."

"You know Bruce—pretty well?" Autumn asked.

"As well as he'll let me," Linda replied. "I called him up again today to see if he couldn't possibly come down. Earlier in the week he was afraid he'd be too busy, but he said today he'd try to make it tomorrow night."

"He told me you had invited him," Autumn said. She wondered if Linda would note the unsteadiness of her voice. "And he seemed very sorry that he couldn't get down in time for the game."

Although her attitude was casual enough now, what she felt was something verging on panic. Bruce had told her that he could not go to Kelowna. And now—if he came here, it would be primarily because of her.

"You've known him all your life, haven't you?" Linda pursued with an interest that was agonizing.

"We went to school together."

"He told me so," Linda sighed. "Why didn't you fall in love with him?"

Autumn's hands trembled as she drew on her stockings. She got up and went to the dresser where she could see Linda's face in the mirror. The girl was stroking her dog idly. "It probably didn't occur to me," Autumn observed with straightened lips.

"It occurred to me the first time I saw him," Linda said. "And no other man has meant a damn to me since."

"There's lots of time yet, Lin," Autumn told her.

"Time has nothing to do with it, my dear," Linda observed, her lids lowered in a resigned fatigue. "It happens—or it doesn't happen—and that's all there is to it. It happened to me in a minute. It won't happen to him in ten years—so far as I'm concerned."

She remained standing at the window until Autumn had finished dressing, and was ready to go down.

"All set!" Autumn announced.

Linda turned from the window and gave her an appraising look. Autumn was dressed in a simple white

net dinner gown, with turquoise drops at her ears.

"You're lovely," Linda said simply, and slipped her arm through Autumn's as they went together to join the others.

On the portico Florian met them with tall frosted glasses in his hands and led Autumn to one of the high-backed, deeply cushioned bamboo chairs. "I thought you'd never come back," he said. "I knew I shouldn't have let you get into Lin's clutches. From now on you're mine."

He went and got his own glass and returned and seated himself cross-legged on the floor at her side.

"How lovely this is!" Autumn murmured, as her gaze drifted over the tessellated valley.

"It has never been really quite perfect before," Florian said in a voice that was flushed with a sort of urgency.

Autumn lowered her lids in the quick pain the words brought her. She bit her lips in vexation at her own feeble will, her inability to put Bruce out of mind, cleanly and definitively. She must play up now or be lost, she thought desperately.

"You are too free with your compliments, Florian," she said wearily. "You mustn't turn my head."

She looked across at Linda as she spoke. The girl had seated herself on the porch swing, her shapely legs hoisted above her and her feet



"I didn't mean any reflection on you."

braced against the chain upon which the swing was suspended.

"You might turn it and look at me," Florian ventured.

"Don't let him fuss you, Autumn," Linda said. "He always gets complimentary on a couple of silver fizzes."

Autumn smiled and looked out upon the panorama that lay below them. The Colonial mansion of the Parrs stood on a bluff overlooking the long crystalline mirror of Lake Okanagan. From the columned portico one could look down, in spring, upon a sea of bloom, the white, pink, and deeper pink froth of thousands of fruit trees in flower, apple, peach, cherry and pear. And beyond the rosy nacre of the orchards lay the long blue shaft of the lake, vanishing behind misty headlands on the north and south. Here, in the ample security of their well-being, the Parrs had lived for years, a lusty, swift-living and pleasure-loving family whose brilliant exploits had become colorful legend in the countryside. It was the boast of J. Elliot Parr that at the age of sixty he could still show his son Florian a point or two at polo, and that a fencing foil was still sweet in his hand. Certain people with a spiteful turn of mind might say that it was not surprising that Mrs. Parr had given up the ghost long ago, but that was neither here nor there so far, at least, as the younger generation of Parrs was concerned.

Florian's dog, a copper-colored Irish setter, came bounding up the steps and laid his head wistfully on Autumn's lap.

"You dear old fellow!" she said, pulling the dog's sleek ears. "How friendly he is!"

"Case of—loved by me, loved by my dog," Florian said, getting up and setting his glass aside. He proffered Autumn his cigarette case.

"What's his name, Florian?" Autumn asked, helping herself to a cigarette.

"Tantivy," Florian told her.

"He's adorable."

"You may have half of him," Florian replied, "whenever you say the word."

"I wish someone would bargain for half of Elinor's hound," Linda remarked. "Lord, how I hate that beast."

"Has Elinor got one, too?" Autumn asked.

"She has," Florian told her. "It's an English bull and he eats anything—very fond of griffons."

As he spoke, Elinor came up the slope from the orchards, her lugubrious-faced bulldog at her heels. She was dressed in khaki breeches and flannel shirt, and her short, dark hair hung raggedly about her

head. She had striking dark eyes and a full, irregular mouth, and there was a certain shyness in her manner that won Autumn to her immediately. She shook hands briefly with Autumn.

"So this is Autumn Dean," she said. "I'm so glad you've come to see us."

"Thank you," Autumn replied. "I'm very glad I was invited."

"Where's Tim?" Linda asked. "I saw him drive up several minutes ago."

"He's talking to father in the garage," Elinor replied. "They'll both be here in a minute or two. Isn't anyone going to offer me a drink?"

"Meaning me, of course," Florian said, filling a glass and handing it to her.

"They manage things with bad grace around here, where I'm concerned," Elinor said, with a fleeting smile at Autumn. "You'll have to overlook that."

"You're scarcely human, dear," Linda remarked, stretching her arms and yawning.

"I have my points, though, darling," Elinor observed as she took a generous gulp from her glass. "I can at least tell a Shropshire ewe from a Macintosh red. Lin thinks a bobtail flush is a breed of dog."

She laughed at Autumn, drained her glass and went into the house to prepare for dinner.

"Filthy!" Linda flung after her as she disappeared.

"Blame yourself for it," Florian said. "You always get the worst of it when you run into Elinor. Here's Dad and Tim."

The two men came up the steps as he spoke. J. Elliot Parr was a tall, slightly florid man, his hair thinning a bit, his chest thrust out in the determined effort to defer an inevitable corpulence. He was dressed in white ducks and a polka-dot tie, a handkerchief bordered with polka-dots natty pointing from his breast pocket. He greeted Autumn with a vigorous handshake.

"Well, I'm damned if this isn't a pleasure!" he boomed. "So this is Millicent's girl! Well, well—and a fine young filly she is, too. Eh, Florian?"

"Don't I get in on this?" asked Timothy.

Autumn took the hand he held out to her and met frankly the searching gaze he bent upon her. He was a heavy-shouldered, darkly good-looking man with eyes in which there was a constant and aggressive search.

"Don't be afraid of him, Autumn," Linda piped up. "He was divorced last year for preferring blondes."

"Shut up!" said Florian agreeably.

"I'm not narrow-minded," Timothy assured Autumn. "My only kick against the world is that there are too many good-looking women in it, regardless of coloring. A man can't get around to them all."

"Timothy does his best," Linda jibed from her place on the swing. "But what did your pater mean by keeping you tied up over there in the Old Country all these years?" the elder Parr enquired.

"He probably thought it was for my own good," Autumn returned. "But I'm awfully glad to be back home again."

"Hell, yes! I should think so!" Elliot declared heartily. "There's no room over there for a girl like you. You want space to move around in, eh?" He turned away to enter the house. "Well, make yourself at home, my dear. Your mother had many a good time in this house."

He disappeared through the doorway as he spoke and Timothy took up the conversation as he poured a cocktail and seated himself.

"Well, I've laid a substantial bet against your chances in the game tomorrow, Florian," he said. "Alex Campbell seems to think you ought to win."

"Alex is a wise bird," Florian retorted. "We ought to nick them for a margin of three goals, at least."

"Not with young Hutchinson back in the line-up," Timothy argued. "He'll ride you into the ground."

"You haven't a chance, Florian," Linda put in. "I have two bets out against you."

"Keep it up, you bouncers!" Florian laughed. He leaned toward Autumn. "It's a rule of the house. They bet against me to keep the luck on our side."

Autumn looked at Timothy and gave him a supercilious smile in return for the challenge in his eyes.

"I'd like to put ten dollars on Florian's team, even money," she suggested.

"O. K.," he said. "I don't know anyone whose money I'd rather take."

Autumn listened while the talk centered on the fine points of the game, and strove to be attentive to it. Presently a Japanese, whose face was an obliquely discreet mask, appeared in the doorway and announced dinner.

The sun had already set when they left the table and drifted out again to lounge about the porch.

Florian took Autumn's arm and led her down the crude stone steps into the sunken garden, which was a forgotten wilderness of flowers and fern and tangled brambles. Here were meadow rue, moss pink, forget-me-not and roses, tall blue steeps of delphinium, and white fountains of spirea. Autumn involuntarily drew her breath at the tumbled beauty of the garden. At the extreme end of it a spring trickled over mossy stones and formed a honey-colored pool in the early twilight.

(BE CONTINUED)

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Removing Scorch.—To remove scorch from linen place between two dampened Turkish towels and press with a hot iron. The scorch stains will go into the towel and can be easily washed out.

Removing Candle Grease.—To remove candle grease from black suede shoes, take a piece of brown paper, cover the candle grease with it, then hold a warm iron over it. The spot will soon be absorbed.

Freshening Celery.—Celery which has become wilted may be freshened by standing in a jug of water to which a pinch of bicarbonate of soda has been added.

Peeling Squash.—Squash may be easily peeled if it is first put into the oven and thoroughly warmed.

For Ink Stains.—Immerse an ink-stained handkerchief in milk immediately after it has been stained, allow it to soak and the ink will disappear.

Removing Mildew.—Mildew may be successfully removed by using kerosene. Saturate the garment with it thoroughly, roll it up and put it away for 24 hours. Wash in warm suds and all trace of mildew will be gone.

Keeping Suet.—When next you buy suet, melt it in the oven, and then pour into jars. When cold it is more easily shredded, and will keep much longer.

To Thicken Frosting.—If in making frosting you add too much water to the confectioner's sugar, instead of adding more sugar add flour to thicken the frosting. It will be impossible to detect the taste of flour.

Tightly Cover Baking Powder.—Baking powder should be tightly covered and stored in a cool, dry place to preserve leavening power.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a tonic which has been helping women of all ages for nearly 70 years. Adv.

Another's Secret

I may give to one I love, but the secret of my friend is not mine to give.—Philip Sidney.

Relief At Last For Your Cough

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to loosen germ laden phlegm, increase secretion and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. No matter how many medicines you have tried, tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding that you are to like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back. **CREOMULSION** for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Learning and Thought Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.—Confucius.



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It's easy to get quick relief from stuffy nostrils with Mentholum. This soothing ointment reduces the local congestion, thus helping to clear the breathing passages. Mentholum also checks sniffing, sneezing, soreness due to colds. It soothes irritated membranes and promotes healing. And its vapors likewise carry comfort deep into the cold-infested air passages.

Revealing Death Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.—Young.

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ARMISTICE DAY 1939

The world cheering that swept around the world that day in November 1918 when embattled men laid down their arms, joyously confident that war had come to an end not for a week or a year but for good, echoes sadly in all hearts today.

Soldiers, millions strong, again man the trenches along Europe's ancient battle line of the silvery Rhine. Northward, along the gray stretches of the Baltic, small nations surrender in bloodless conquest before threatening might. Westward, across the Pacific, more millions are locked in the deadly embrace of warfare to the bitter end. The hopes uttered, the dreams visioned, the treaties solemnly signed a score of years ago to seal the doom of war, have alike disappeared from many quarters of the earth. The resort to violence has again prevailed.

But in America, because of this, the will to peace is no idle gesture on Armistice Day 1939. As the veterans of '17 and '18 parade down the streets of American cities this Saturday they know, as all onlookers know, that America cannot celebrate the war that was to end all wars. But America can celebrate the precious gift of peace. It can celebrate the democratic way of life. It can celebrate the fact that the Armistice of 1918 still prevails for America in the warring world of 1939! In so celebrating, America pledges itself to halt any black-out of Armistice in this nation!

GOING UP!

Uncle Sam's counting house made significant history with an announcement last week.

Overshadowed by the arms embargo debate in Congress and the spirited battle over 30-Thursday in California, it failed to claim the attention it deserved. But long after ham and eggs and the neutrality dispute are matters of history, the country will find this matter of momentous concern.

Last week the public debt made history when for the first time, it rose above the \$41 billion mark. That comes perilously close to the \$45 billion limit. It forecasts almost certain demands at the next session of Congress for stretching that limit by at least \$5 billion more.

"Public debt" sounds impersonal and far away, but the man in the street cannot afford indifference to it. The simple truth is that the national debt of \$41 billion reached last week makes every man, woman and child in the country a national debtor to the extent of \$311. That sum must be paid!

To the 95 per cent who pay no taxes directly to government, debt present its claims indirectly in scores of ways. The grasping fingers of hidden taxes reach into the pockets of the man on the street for every article he buys. And frequently, the more severe the tax, the more indirectly it strikes. Instead of openly boosting living costs, or clogging the most efficient distribution lines, the punitive tax is saddled on the multi-unit store. Yet that tax hits Mr. and Mrs. Consumer just the same. Though they may not recognize it, they pay it off in higher living costs.

But those costs can be checked! Holding more firmly the reins on government spending, checking punitive taxes, and dragging hidden levies out into the open, a runaway public debt can be brought under control. We are all members of U. S. A., Incorporated. Since its debts make us debtors, we have a large stake in its prosperity, in which we are shareholders all!

FIVE OF A KIND

"Five children," says Dr. Roy Allen Dafoe, "are easier to raise than one lonely child—who is likely to be spoiled."

At least, as far as the five celebrated girls this amiable physician helped bring into the world, are concerned, the maxim rings true.

In an interview last week, Dr. Dafoe gave it as his opinion that none of the five little women is spoiled. In spite of the difficulties of bringing up the members of this quintet along the path of normal, natural development, the task to date has been a record of high success.

Neither of the five is unusually bright, nor unusually backward. There isn't a prodigy among them—a fact, adds Dr. Dafoe, that has made responsibility of bringing them up a whole lot easier.

American families don't agree that five are better than one, but the census figures indicate that they are willing to go half way and agree that two certainly are better than one!

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK

The kind of world today's children live in tomorrow depends on the kind of education we give them today.

Often as it has been said, it still remains true that the hope of the world, and the prospect of nations blessed by peace and enriched by prosperity, can only be fulfilled through education. In consequence, of all the many "weeks" the nation is given to celebrating, hardly any surpasses in importance American Education week now being honored throughout the country in this period, Nov. 5 to 11.

Education remains the most powerful tool yet shaped for making democracy work, for fending off forces hostile to democratic government, for sharpening the minds of youth with ideas and ideals to preserve the democracy won 150 years hence.

Education is a slow, painstaking, often undramatic task. But its progress in methods and means moves ceaselessly forward. To offer millions of parents the chance of becoming acquainted with these new methods of training, of class room procedure, is a prime purpose of Education week. Last year more than six million adults took advantage of that opportunity to get a first hand acquaintance with America's schoolrooms.

It is noteworthy that California, long an outstanding state in progressive education, was directly responsible for the inauguration of this "week." Following the great success of California's first Public Schools week, held in 1920, American Education week was set aside the following year for the nationwide observance of the country's school system.

In a sense, that system is the cradle of democracy. As such, it deserves to be aided and protected. Within it, is held America's future.

WEATHER MAN'S BLACKOUT

When armies march, when guns roll up to front line trenches and bomb-laden planes nose skyward, even the Weather Man suffers.

Black-out of peace in Europe has "blackened out" great chunks of this North American continent. As far as Uncle Sam's forecasters are concerned, there's not a weather-gauge full of weather in all the vast Dominion of Canada.

Because of the severe restrictions war has clamped down on Canada, the Dominion is sending out no weather reports whatsoever. As a result those 3,694,863 square miles up north which the Canadian provinces cover, are just one blank white space to the meteorologist.

To the west, war has also silenced the radio reports of belligerent nations' ships plying the Pacific waters, leaving more "weatherless" white spaces.

Unusual weather, which sometimes descends on California, promises to be more frequent from now on. Already, a couple of wayward storms have sneaked into the state catching the Weather Man unawares, due to lack of the usual forewarning reports.

But if "black-outs" in California are confined to occasional lapses of sunshine, we can safely take a bombardment of rain and snow in our stride!

MORE STAMPS!

Artists, authors, composers, and poets, are coming into their own at last!

Having apparently exhausted the roster of presidents and statesmen, the post office department is turning to new fields for inspiration. A suggestion for a new stamp is something the government has never plowed under. Certainly if variety is the spice of life, the post office department has been more than generous in supplying its share of seasoning.

Soon to be issued is a "famous American" series of postage stamps which will introduce 35 faces new to the public and the postal service. The notable Americans will include not only poets, composers, authors, and artists, but inventors, educators, and scientists. Well and good! But some day officials should consider imprinting the likeness of that ever popular, ever faithful public servant who carries the nation's letters—the mail man!

HUNGER—BUT NOT FOR BREAD

Between the short-lived primrose path of the spendthrift and the miser's dark road, there's a broad highway of moderation, common-sense and contentment.

In the day's news comes the story of Anna Braun, aged 78. Neighbors found her the other day in her Wisconsin home with a few dried crusts of bread on a bedside table—dead of malnutrition. Urged to secure a doctor she had said, "I can't afford such things."

After her death, authorities investigated. Pinned to her clothing they found \$3000 in bills. In the bank, \$10,000 in savings credited to her account. What happiness, if any, Anna Braun won from her wealth, was a secret she carried with her to the grave.

CALIFORNIA SPEAKS!

Significant Statements By Interesting Californians

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, film producer, in conference with directors—"Gentlemen, for your information I should like to ask a question."

DR. ALFRED S. FISK, S. F. State college prof., returning from Germany—"Nazi anti-Semitism is a government-promoted enterprise and not nearly so widespread among the people as we have been led to believe. I think the German people have been shocked in many ways by their government."

AL JOLSON, sued for divorce by Ruby Keeler—"They called ours a perfect marriage, and I never thought this would happen to us. I love her. I'm terribly lonely. I wish she'd come back to me."

NELLIE BROOKE STULL, pres. National Widows and Widowers Club, in L. A.—"Young girls are a menace to widow ladies. They are all motion and no emotion."

W. C. FIELDS, Hollywood comedian—"Trouble with drinking in this town is that you can't tell where the D. T.'s leave off and Hollywood begins."

EDWARD P. DOYLE, 80-year old delegate to National Tax assn. convention, S. F.—"As a businessman I pay 100 taxes, as most businessmen do. Five years ago I paid a 48 per cent federal income tax. That's when I stopped trying to make money."

ABE HANKIN, Berkeley, business mgr. U. C. band, declaring ban on co-ed majorettes—"If we had girls we might as well throw away our instruments. Nobody'd listen—they'd just look. They shall not prance!"

Hi Ho Defines 'Fame' "Fame," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "nowadays is another name for successful advertising."

RADIO DEAD?

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COFFEE:



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KEYSTONE
Hfres DRIP REGULAR SILEX

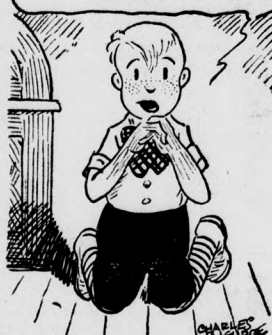
Miss Helen Lumb and her mother Mrs. Margaret R. Lumb sold their home on Sunnyside avenue last week and have moved to San Jose in the Palm Haven district.

Friends of A. A. Earf will regret to learn that he was taken to the hospital a few days ago where he is still a patient.

Air Pictures in Wind Tunnel In a wind tunnel it is possible to show visibly the geometric shapes, such as cones, discs and spheres, in which air flows.

MICKIE SAYS—

IN THIS SHOP, WE ARE WORKING AGAINST A DEADLINE—WE MUST GO TO PRESS AT A CERTAIN HOUR—WITCH IS WHY WE LIKE TO HAVE OUR ADS AND NEWS COPY EARLY, PLEASE, FER GOSH SAKE!



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"THUNDER AFLOAT"

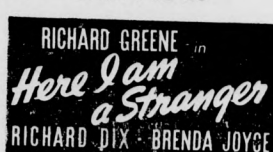
SATURDAY — NOVEMBER 11

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Robert Cummings
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SUNDAY & MONDAY — NOV. 12-13



Next Week — WED.-THURS.-FRI.
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"THE OLD MAID"

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 Boy's sports Jim Strimpel
 Social Editor Gerry Lloyd
 Club News Sandy Greathead

C.U.H.S. NEWS LETTER

WRITTEN AND EDITED BY STUDENTS OF CAMPBELL UNION HIGH SCHOOL

GENERAL REPORTERS
 Evelyn Reynolds, Margaret Smith-
 erum, Betty Hutchinson, Aiko Yo-
 shida, Helen Hilje, Helen Bogner,
 Gloria Teresi, Carl Arnold, Henry
 Frank, Andrew Cunningham, Pearl
 Sunzeri, Andy Desin, Barbara
 Knowles, Marilyn Toy, Jay Kees-
 ling, Tom Smith.



Block by Gloria Perine

Book Week to be Observed by School

Local Boy Elected To District Office

Renso Orsi, one of six delegates from the local chapter of Future Farmers chosen to go to the officer's training school at Salinas, was elected vice-president of the conference.

There were over 150 delegates from the south coast district. The boys from Campbell were: Eddie Carvelho, Frank Johnson, Donald Warning, Charles Prestogiacomo, and Elwyn Meeks.

C. E. York, head of the local vocational agriculture department, was in charge of the entire conference.

Girls Defeat St. Leo's 73-40

The girls of the CYO played a volleyball game with St. Leo's team Monday night, Oct. 30. The Campbell team won with a final score of 73 to 40.

Another game was played Tuesday night with a team from San Jose.

The Campbell Union high school is to observe National Book Week by sponsoring two book week contests.

The first is a poster contest open to all art students and is under the direction of Miss Mary S. Lewis.

The second is a composition contest open to all Campbell high students. The theme is "What book character would you invite to visit you and where would you take him or her on a tour of the United States of America?" Every English teacher in the school is to turn in the best compositions written by their students.

The best poster and composition will be chosen by the following judges: Sidney R. Ancker, Dean R. Chamberlin, Mrs. Lillian Rae, Miss Muriel Carson, Miss Lewis, Miss Dorothy Curry and Miss Lois Gardner.

All compositions are to be in by Nov. 16, in order that the winner may be announced by the end of Book Week, Nov. 18.

Miss Carson and Miss Lewis will judge the posters and Mrs. Rae and the remaining English teachers will judge the stories and essays. The winner of each contest will be awarded a dictionary.

Clyde Shaw

An atmosphere of gloom hangs over many of the classes at Campbell High school this week because of the vacant seat once filled by Clyde Shaw, the boy who will long be remembered for his cheerful optimism and quiet friendly manner.

Wednesday, while delivering papers in the early morning fog, Clyde met with a tragic and untimely death.

Appropriately he had been portraying the role of Tom Sawyer, one of the most loveable characters in American fiction, in the Senior play. The role will now be taken by Bob Kittrell, one of Clyde's best friends.

We students realize that the sense of loss which we feel is as nothing compared to that of Mrs. Shaw. We extend to her our deepest sympathy.

Future Farmers Lend Hand At Landscaping

The senior landscaping class of the Campbell Chapter of the Future Farmers of America is assisting the WPA in the beautification of the high school grounds.

This class, with the guidance of C. E. York is planting trees and shrubs around the grounds. For the purpose of giving the young shrubs and trees a good start some of the boys are helping Mr. York at his home to construct a green house. These are Renso Orsi, Eddie Carvelho, Emet and Henry Cleaveland, Elvert Weeks, and Elwyn Meeks. They are re-planting many shrubs. Mr. York said that his boys would care for them for about a year after they were planted around the buildings, and that later more boys would assist in their care. He hopes to teach the boys how to prune them also.

The plants come from San Luis Obispo, where Mr. York started many of them.

Cards Out for Alley Cats' Hides

Friday, Nov. 10, the Campbell High Cardinals will play host to the Los Gatos Cats, in a game which will prove to be very exciting. The team has been practicing very hard for this certain tilt, and they are out to bring the Cat's skin home. So therefore, a larger crowd is expected out there than ever before to root that team on to victory.

Los Gatos is our traditional rival, and I know that there is nothing that would please a Campbell High follower, whether he be a student now or an old grad, more than to see that Los Gatos "Cat" skin hanging up in the Cardinal trophy case.

So don't forget to see that football game, on our field, Friday, Nov. 10.

CYO Gives Dance

Saturday night the Catholic Youth Organization held a dance in St. Martin's hall. The dance featured a public address system, and local missions. This last one was such a success that another is soon to be planned, vice-president Renso Orsi stated. Everyone is invited to the next CYO dance.

C. E. to Sell Play Tickets

The members of the local Christian Endeavor society held a business meeting Sunday evening. The group decided to sell tickets for a play, "The Fighting Parson," which is to be put on Nov. 29, by the Santa Cruz players.

The Crowd Roared

As the shadows lengthened on the turf at Friday's football game, so grew in hoarseness the voices of Campbell's excited rooters. Although the Campbell eleven lacked touchdowns they had no lack of able supporters.

Yelling for the home team was a custom favored by the ancient Greeks, when thrilling chariot races were the rage and flowing tunics the garb of the charioteer and audience alike.

Today, the chariot has been replaced by the football, and the charioteer by the helmeted and padded man of the gridiron. The swing skirt and slacks have taken the place of tunics.

The Greeks differed from their modern cousins in that they did not organize their cheering. Modern gladiators are urged to cheer down bound by organized yelling, led by arm-swinging cheer leaders and at least one "cutie" in a pleated skirt.

Most amazing thing about the crowd is the way it manages to yell, consume candy, drink soda pop, and make eyes at the girl friend while at the same time understand the maneuvers of the teams.

Campbell Hi Jive Band Enlarged

Campbell High's dance orchestra has grown considerably since the beginning of the semester.

It is now a six piece band consisting of two saxophones played by Jane Gerrans and Renso Orsi, a trombone played by Lee Gerrans, string bass played by Henry Doust, drums played by Bob Keesling, and the piano played by Jim Rambo, while at the first dance the band had only four regular members.

HOMEWORK

When all are cozy in their beds, And thoughts are running through their heads, I sit with work upon my knee— Homework.

When Ma says "When will lights be out?" And Pa says "What's this all about?" I give a sigh and then reply, "Homework."

Oh! Home work is a dreadful thing, It gives us all a nasty sting; But what's the use of saying, "No" To Homework?

By Margaret McCulloch

NOTICE

The Campbell post office will be closed all day Saturday, Nov. 11, it having been declared a legal holiday.

Quints Split Pair With Washington

Friday night, the Campbell Cardinals split its series with Washington beneath the lights of the Campbell high school gym with a Washington victory of 20 to 18, and a Cardinal triumph of 17 to 13.

In the 110 pound class Tonascia was high point man with Uyeda next in line. The game started with Tonascia, Uyeda, Morgan, Baptist and Tonkin. The score at the half was 8 to 9 with Washington leading, and the game ended with the Huskers in a two point lead.

The 120's had Griffin as high point man with Messa two behind. The 120's played a very fast game and it was played out to a four point lead with the Cards fighting hard. The game started with Miranda, Cleaveland, Griffin, Messa and Mondo.

The score at the first half was 12 to 5 with Campbell leading, the game ending with the Cardinals still on top, 17 to 13.

Girls Attend Stanford Hockey Sports Day

A hockey sports day was held at Stanford University Saturday, Nov. 4. Campbell's three hockey teams were divided into two teams, a Red team and Blue team, consisting of 39 girls which were captained by Jewel Abbott and Carolyn Roberts. The Red team played against San Mateo High school and the Blue team played against Jefferson High school.

A demonstration game was played by a "Brown" team composed of instructors and women for the Women's Field Hockey Federation of Northern California which played against a team of Stanford students. The purpose of this game was to show the girls the important points in a hockey game.

P.-T. A. to Give Dance Friday

A dance sponsored by the Campbell Union High School P.-T. A. will be held in the gym, Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30 p. m.

Those on the committee in charge of the dance are Mrs. Ira Abbott, Mrs. Anthony Jurras, Mrs. Herbert Hudson, Mrs. Milton Robertson, and Mrs. Ernest Fahler. The prices for admission are as follows: 25 cents without student body cards and free to all student body card holders. No outsiders will be allowed, although the alumni of Campbell High school may attend.

TO THE LAST MAN!

A dread black shadow passes— Another red man gone. It looks as if the slaughter Will outlast the dawn!

Again a red is vanquished But not by bloody sword: For the battle is quite friendly On a harmless checker board.

By James Rambo

Local Cagers In Double Win At Mountain View

Campbell scored a double win over Mountain View with a score of 23-6 in the 110 pound class and 18 to 16 in the 120 pound class at Mountain View Wednesday night.

Campbell started on a mighty tramp in the 110 pound class with Uyeda of Campbell high point man, shooting a score of 12. Campbell started the push over with Morgan making a free throw and Uyeda a field goal.

Starting line up for Campbell was Tenascia, Uyeda, Morgan, Baptist and Meyer. Subs were Sherlock, Tomahira, Horrio, Tonkin, Benech, Freeman, Uchiyama, Clark and McCarthy.

Campbell won by the narrow margin of 18 to 16 in the 120 pound class.

The Cardinals had built up a comfortable lead in the first three quarters but Mountain View staged a last period rally which barely missed tying the score in the last few seconds of play.

The starting line up was Miranda, Cleaveland, Griffin, Messa, and Mondo. Substitutes were Maccey, Field, Mancuso and Ogiena.

Epworth League Plans Party for Bill Adamson

A business meeting was held by the Epworth League, Wednesday, Nov. 8, at the home of Tom and Dave Farley.

During the meeting the members decided upon giving a party in honor of Bill Adamson who is leaving for San Diego, Nov. 15. The party will be held at the Methodist church, Saturday, Nov. 11. Jeannette Abbott, Betty Adamson, and Harriet Johns are on the refreshment committee. In charge of the games is Donald Robertson.

Installation of the new officers will take place Sunday, Nov. 19.

Student Body Meeting Tuesday

A student body meeting was held Tuesday and Ralph Noddin spoke of the football game which is to be played here on Friday against Los Gatos.

President Don Martin announced that a school dance sponsored by the P.-T. A. would be held Friday night with music furnished by a phonograph with electric amplifiers.

Don Robertson spoke on behalf of the football team asking the student body for their support.

At the end of the meeting a short play was given by the dramatic class with the characters portrayed by George Silva, Bill Samford, Jack Strimpel and Jim Strimpel.

THE POCKETBOOK of KNOWLEDGE

By TOPPS



AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, IT COST A DRIVER ABOUT 30 CENTS A MILE TO OPERATE HIS AUTOMOBILE. TODAY, THE AVERAGE COST IS LESS THAN 3 CENTS—A RESULT OF INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH.

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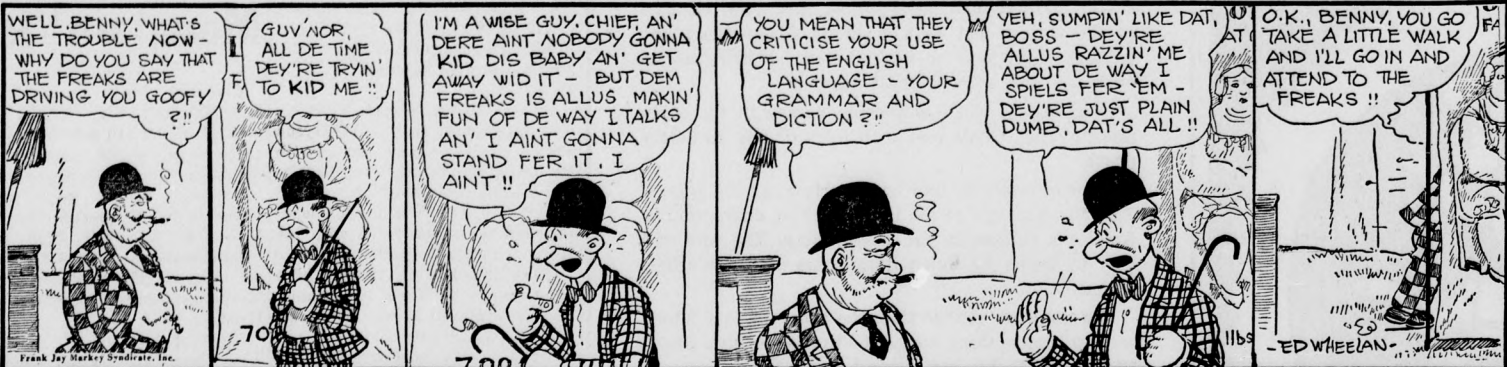
THURS., FRI. & SAT. SPECIALS

Campbell Grocery Stores Open Saturday	
CURRENTS, pkg.	10c
Market Day Raisins, 4 lbs.	25c
DROMEDARY DATES, 2 pkgs.	25c
CALIFORNIA DATES, lb.	20c
Large Payne Walnuts, lb.	25c
GEORGIA PECANS, lb.	30c
Soft Shell Almonds, lb.	25c
30-40 PRUNES, 2 lbs.	23c
Babbitt's Cleanser, 16 oz. cans, 6 for	25c
Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, 21 oz.	22c
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, 3 cans	20c
Sperry Pancake & Waffle Flour, 28-oz.	17c
BISQUICK, large	29c
KRISPY CRACKERS, 2-lb.	27c
OXYDOL, large	21c
CAMAY SOAP, 4 bars	25c

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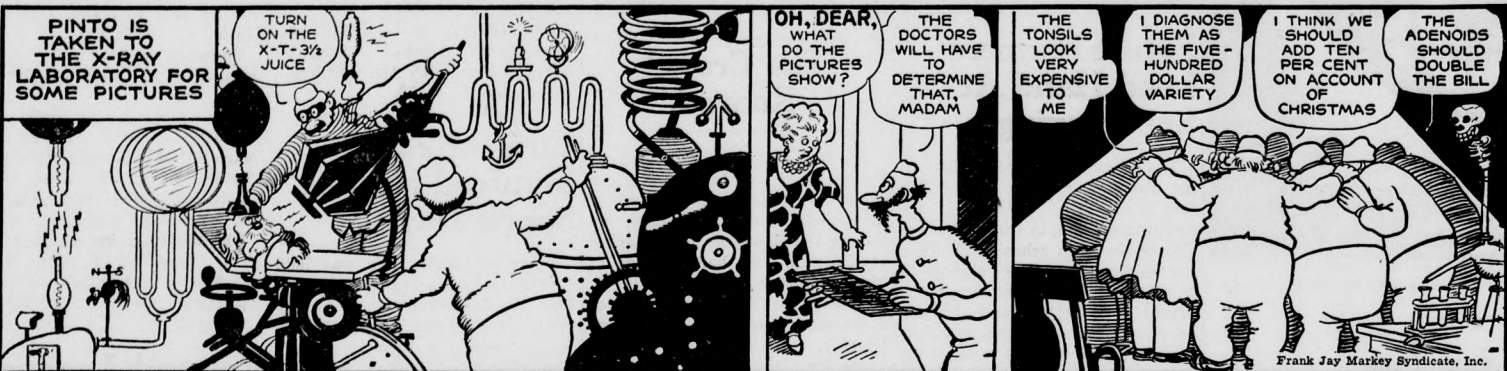
Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP



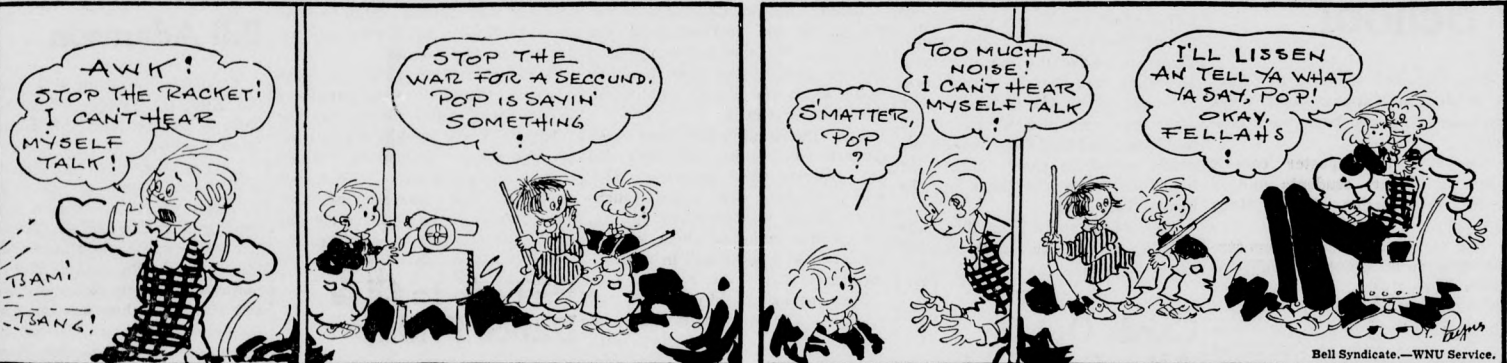
By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA —An Expensive Work of Art



By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP— Okay, Resume the War!



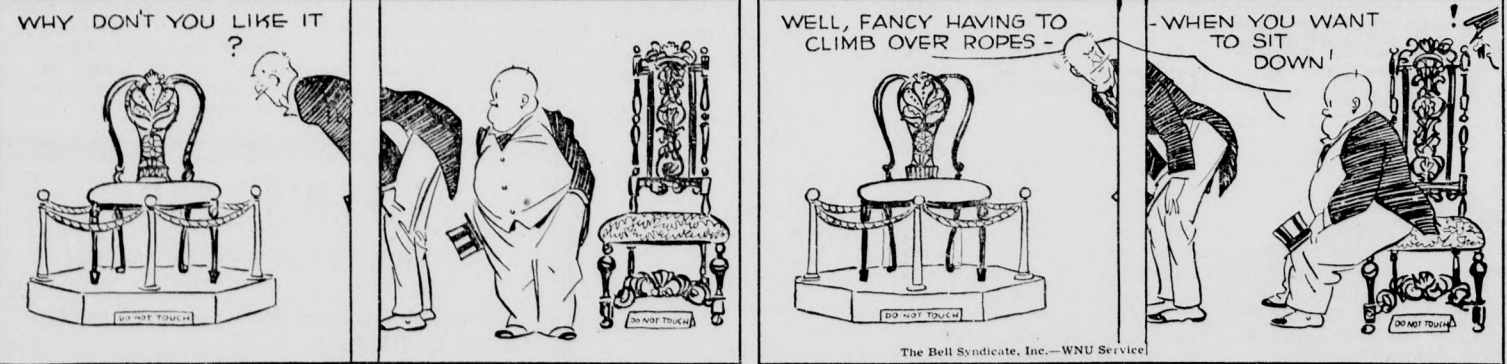
By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY



To Them That Hath

POP— Too Much Effort



By J. MILLAR WATT

Cheerful News



HIS PROBLEM

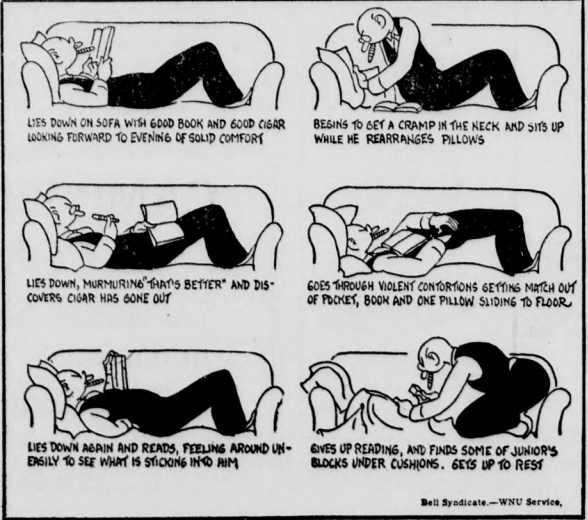
Little Johnny should have been hard at his homework. As it was, his father found him listening to the wireless and sucking his pencil. "Well," asked father, "why don't you get on with your work?" "I can't, Dad," came Johnny's reply, "until I've heard the latest news bulletin. You see, I've got to draw a map of Europe."

Ham And Eggs
When the well-known actor and producer retired, the son carried on with some of his father's honors. One evening in front of the father's theater an old friend of the family affectionately patted the son on the back and remarked: "A chip off the old block, eh?" To which the critic groaned: "You mean a slice of the old ham!"

He's in a Hurry
Mrs. Crabshaw—You're becoming absolutely unbearable. It will soon be impossible to live with you. Crabshaw (hopefully)—How soon?

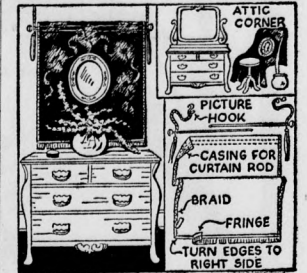
SOLID COMFORT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Climb to the Attic Brought Possibilities

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS
THE bride came home, but not to weep on Mother's shoulder. "There are too many bare spots in our house," she said; "and I want to rummage in your attic." "You are welcome," replied Mother, "but you will find no antiques—nothing there but junk."
A golden oak dresser; a fish bowl; an old portier; a chromo in a wide gold frame; and an old piano stool; were carted away.
Varnish remover and plain drawer pulls transformed the



dresser into a good-looking chest of drawers. A glazier put a mirror in the oval gold frame. Those are dusky pink branches in the fish-bowl—lovely against the rose-red brocade hanging. The diagram shows how the hanging was made from a part of the portier. The edges were finished with dull gold colored braid and fringe; and it hung with matching cord, tassels and an ordinary curtain rod. What became of the stool and the mirror will be told next week.

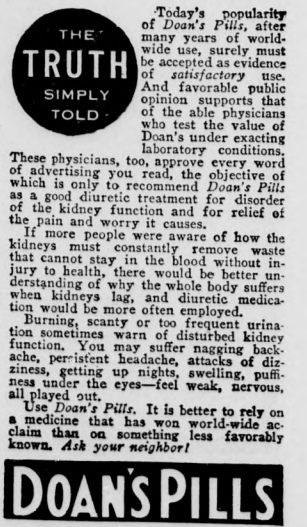
NOTE: Readers who are now using Sewing Books No. 1, 2 and 3 will be happy to learn that No. 4 is ready for mailing; as well as the 10 cent editions of No. 1, 2 and 3. Mrs. Spears has just made quilt block patterns for three designs selected from her favorite Early American quilts. You may have these patterns FREE with your order for four books. Price of books—10 cents each postpaid. Set of three quilt block patterns without books—10 cents. Send orders to Mrs. Spears, Drawer 10, Bedford Hills, New York.



Useful Delusions
I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.—Goldsmith.

DO YOU LACK PEP?

Los Angeles—Samuel Owens, 9925 Holmes Ave., says: "I found Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to be very beneficial. It helps to give a person an appetite and relieves acid indigestion and stomach upsets caused by excess acidity. It is fine to relieve a general weakened condition and gives a man more 'pep' and energy." Buy it in liquid or tablets from your druggist today.



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PROVEN Success. For information write Elga Lab., 209 Post, San Francisco, Calif.

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LONELY? Correspond. sincere members; all ages. Send stamp to HELEN YOUNG, P. O. BOX 201-H, OAKLAND, Calif.

RANCH SUPPLIES

SADDLE and harness prices are due for a sharp advance. Buy now, save money. H. W. STARR, 530 Broadway, Oakland.

Arbitrary Date Line

The International Date Line is an irregular line which is drawn somewhat arbitrarily on the map of the Pacific ocean, near the 180th meridian of longitude. This line marks the place where navigators "change their date" on the trans-Pacific voyage. The line is drawn on the map in a general north-and-south direction, separating the islands of the Pacific ocean in such a manner that all those in the east carry the same date as the United States, and those in the west the same date as Japan and Australia.

Concord Grapes

In 1840 some boys of Concord, Mass., gathered wild grapes in the nearby woods. On their way home they threw some of the seeds on the land of Ephraim Bull. Mr. Bull preserved one of the seedlings that sprang up, and when it fruited he planted its seeds. One of the second generation of plants proved superior to the others, so he preserved this, which became the parent of that variety of grapes. Thus the "Concord" grapes.

Bears Welcome Tourists

Yellowstone is not the only place where bears welcome visitors, for tourists to Zakopane, Poland's famous holiday resort, report that huge polar bears meet them on the roads walking upright on their hind legs. They are men in bears' clothing usually accompanied by a photographer who will perform his function while the visitor poses between two terrifying bruisers.

Kentucky's Contribution

The granite block of stone in the Washington monument which was contributed by Kentucky bears the following inscription: "Under the auspices of Heaven and the precepts of Washington, Kentucky will be the last to give up the Union. 'United We Stand, Divided We Fall.' The stone is placed on the inner wall on the 230-foot landing.

Welcome Soldiers

Darwin, isolated outpost of northern Australia where beer costs 2 shillings (50 cents) a bottle owing to high transport charges, has suffered a beer famine. Gladly the people of Darwin welcomed contingents of the Australian defense forces. Promptly these same troops drank all the beer in the town.

Mail Order Aid

Post office approval has been given to a method for securing mail orders through newspaper advertising tried by a New York department store. In the body of an ad was printed a postage-prepaid label which readers could clip out and paste on an ordinary envelope.

Ethyl Fluid Plant

More than half of the ethyl fluid used in gasoline is provided from a chemical plant at Wilmington, N. C., where bromide is extracted from sea-water.

Ruby and Sapphire

The ruby and sapphire are forms of corundum, one of the hardest minerals known.

Home of the 'Angels'

If you are of the English-speaking race, Sweden invites you to see little Angelholm on the Rönne river. This is where the Angels came from who gave their name to England, the folk whom the pun of Pope Gregory I made into angels.

Biggest Building

The biggest building in Europe is the Palace of Justice at Brussels. It covers an area 12 per cent greater than that of St. Peter's at Rome.

100 Languages

The Salvation Army conducts its services in 100 languages.

Poultry Flocks

Nearly 6,000,000 United States farms have poultry flocks.

Technology Overtakes Flies

Claimed as a great improvement over flypaper is an all-metal electric fly trap that electrocutes flies and deposits their remains in a removable tray.

Winter Sports

If you want a place where winter sports last long, go to Finse in Norway, on the rail route from Oslo to Bergen. Here you may ski, 4,000 feet above sea level, till the end of May and skate on the lake until July.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—In more than four decades, Louis M. Ellshemius made 5,000 paintings and drawings and never made a cent out of them. Now, three big galleries give his work. One gallery is reported to have sold \$150,000 worth of his paintings. All his canvases are in demand at high prices.

'All Vanity' Cries Painter as Gold, Garlands Arrive
But Mr. Ellshemius, an irascible little man with a ragged beard and a testy way of speaking, is bedridden in his gloomy, gaslit old house in East Fifty-seventh street, and he asks, "What's the good of the whole damn thing?" He's 75 years old. He warned the world many times that it was going hell-for-leather down the skids, and now he thinks it's on the last stretch of the greased chute, and nothing else matters—not even money and fame.

The late Ralph Blakelock lost his mind after years of failure to stir critical or popular interest in his work. He was hailed as a great painter, and his pictures were bought by great galleries when he no longer knew or cared about money or recognition. There is an interesting parallel between his career and that of Mr. Ellshemius, although the latter is still bright and smart as a chipmunk.

But he won't even look out of his narrow bedroom window. He wants no outlook on a world turning itself into a madhouse. Pictures on the floor, covered with dust and cobwebs, may be worth a fortune, pictures of moods, dreams and memories, but that doesn't interest him. He had renounced the "pomp and vanities of this wicked world" long before it beat a path to his door.

The parallel between Blakelock and Ellshemius is also marked by the amazing diversity of their talents. Blakelock, the son of a physician, was trained in medicine, gifted in music and almost made a career of the piano and musical composition.

Bests Blakelock In Diversity of Achievements
Ellshemius has composed a small library of songs, operas and etudes and used to give piano concerts in his youth. He painted feverishly for 46 years, quitting in 1922 when none would buy his pictures and no galleries hang them. But, in his varied abilities, he far outshone Blakelock. Here are a few of his achievements:

When he was a student at Cornell university, he discovered a new species of ichneumon fly. Later he announced a new law governing the "ramification of trees."

He wrote somewhat more than 50 volumes of plays, novels, novelettes, essays and verse. The verse, byronic in tone, was written in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. He published them himself and, like his pictures, they gathered only cobwebs and dust.

He invented a new kind of "magic" indelible ink and several studio devices for artists.

He explored various diseases and offered methods of therapy.

He was born in Laurel Hill, N. J., near Newark, the son of a wealthy glove manufacturer. He attended Cornell two years and was a roommate of Robert W. Chambers in Paris when they were studying art under Bougereau.

His is a blue-book family, of Dutch antecedents, and his name is there inscribed, but that interests him no more than the hanging of his pictures in the Metropolitan, the Luxembourg and the Whitney galleries.

IN HIS book, "Dynamite," Louis Adamie says the Los Angeles Times explosion of 1910 forever ended militancy in the American labor movement. In that year Samuel Gompers and Frank Morrison were sentenced to prison terms on charges growing out of the Buck stove case. This was lost in the shuffle, with the dynamiting excitement. The terms were never served. Thereafter neither Gompers nor Morrison was militant. Currently, Mr. Morrison, the highly esteemed secretary-treasurer and conservative elder statesman of the A. F. of L., retires from office, after 43 years in that post. He will be 80 years old next month.

Times Explosion Put an End to Labor Militancy
A native of Frankton, Ont., he is a doctor of laws of Lake Forest university. He entered law practice, but turned to the printing trade and became a member of the Typographical union in 1873. He is a member of the executive council of the Churches of Christ in America. (Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Bruckart's Washington Digest

Time for Showdown in Labor Situation Is Not Far Distant

Serious Reaction Follows Attitude of NLRB; Public Also Resentful of Conditions Caused by Union Leaders; Inquiry May Bare Startling Facts.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART

WNU Service, National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON.—There is every indication that the labor situation in this country—government policies, labor union policies, employer attitude—is fast approaching a new tangle. A reaction has set in on the part of the public to certain phases of the Roosevelt administration's earlier (but not necessarily the current) policies. Likewise, labor union leadership has produced certain conditions that are not finding public support, and there are still some employers who continue to make fools of themselves by following Eighteenth century methods.

I have suggested in these columns previously that the national labor relations board was riding for a fall. It was riding too high. There was bound to be a serious reaction. The board's arrogance, unfairness, overbearing attitude, its general contempt for anyone disagreeing with its conclusions were elements certain to lead to an eventual showdown. The time of that showdown seems not far distant. It is likely that the board and its staff of ism-controlled theorists will pay a heavy price for failure to use common sense and adopt a judicial viewpoint.

The same type of mentality as that which jeopardizes the principles of the national labor relations act also has caused a blowup in the wages and hours division of the labor department—the division which administers the year-old law limiting hours of work and prescribing minimum wages. Administrator Elmer F. Andrews was the goat, and he had to resign. No one probably ever will know whether it was foolhardiness on the part of Mr. Andrews or the treachery of his subordinates that brought about the explosion. But explode, it did; and as a result, Col. Phillip Fleming is in the job of wage and hour administrator without benefit of senate confirmation of his appointment, although the senate is in session.

Lewis and Green Warfare Shows No Signs of Let-Up

No cessation of the warfare between John L. Lewis' C. I. O. and William Green's A. F. of L. is foreseen. The Lewis faction of organized labor continues to do a lot of things that do not fit into the picture of Americanism, despite a strong denial by Mr. Lewis that communists are in key positions. Mr. Green's organization is building up a magnificent record of fighting within itself. One craft is pitted against another, here, there and everywhere, with the result that people generally are getting pretty tired of having to wait to get work done because carpenters and bricklayers, for example, both go on strike over the question of which one shall do particular work.

The unhappy labor board has few defenders, any more. For a long time, the board, its attorneys and investigators were commonly regarded as an adjunct of the Lewis labor union. Surely, there was ground for such belief by the admissions that came from time to time, coupled with consistent and concerted attacks by leaders of the A. F. of L. Wherever it was necessary to make a choice between Lewis followers and Green supporters, it was an odds-on bet that the Lewis group's contention would be sustained.

All of this was followed ultimately by an attack from the C. I. O. on the functions of the board. That happened at the annual C. I. O. convention and came from Mr. Lewis. No one seems to know the real reason.

And, now, the labor board is confronted with an investigation by a special committee of the house of representatives. It is by far the most serious effort to bring to light the processes that the board has used, the influences that have been active within its personnel or that have operated upon its personnel. If one may judge in advance of any congressional inquiry, the current inquiry is likely to produce reasonable conclusions.

Expected to Examine Facts And Then Propose a Remedy

The house committee is headed by Rep. Howard Smith, a Virginia Democrat, who long has been noted for fairness. As far as his record goes, I believe it can be said that Mr. Smith has seldom been "anti" or "pro" on any question without first having facts. With him on the committee are Representatives Healey of Massachusetts and Murdock of Arizona, Democrats, and Halleck of Indiana and Rutzahn of Ohio, Republicans. Mr. Healey is about the only member of the group who can be suspected of leaning violently one way or the other. Mr. Healey's record marks him as a New Dealer on nearly all occasions, sometimes without too much reason. I have heard Mr. Halleck praised for his fairness any number of times in

house debate, and the commendation has come as much from Democrats as from the Republicans.

So, there is every indication that the investigation will be of the type that examines the facts and then proposes a remedy. Much evidence has been gathered, and will serve as the basis for further inquiry. Some of it is reported to be of a sensational character, but it is not Mr. Smith's idea that the committee is operating solely to make newspaper headlines.

Among other things, the house committee has sent out questionnaires to hundreds of employers, hundreds of labor leaders of both factions of unionism, and local officials, such as police chiefs and others charged with law enforcement. The purposes of the questions are rather obvious. With the statements from all of these sources, the committee believes it can sift out much chaff from rumors, complaints, counter charges and propaganda. Further, the committee wants to ascertain whether there is evidence that the board, itself, had any connection with labor disturbances and, if so, which of its personnel was involved.

May Uncover Facts That Will Startle Legislators

Copies of records in nearly all of the board's hearings are being examined by the committee staff. Board decisions have been under fire many, many times. It seems to have been the rule, rather than an exception, that the board was willing always to listen to C. I. O. attorneys and almost never pay attention to alleged facts which employers or others tried to submit. From this source, alone, there is every reason to believe the committee will uncover enough abuse of power to stun the legislators who fought for passage of a law which the administration described as perfect. In any event, if the principle of the labor relations act is to survive and become a workable part of governmental interference in relations between worker and employer, it seems that the Smith committee must produce the proper basis.

Concerning the wages and hours bureaucracy, however, there is less optimism that a sound solution can be found. Colonel Fleming is taking over the job with feeling among all types of partisans at fever heat. That is a handicap. Mr. Andrews went in with wishes of good luck, but he had to administer and enforce a law that was loosely drawn, a principle untried. As in the case of labor board personnel, either through his own mistakes or because nutty individuals were forced upon him, Mr. Andrews immediately was surrounded by a sour group of subordinates. It seemed almost that if a wrong way to solve the problem was available, the wage and hour division folks would find it.

As far as I can ascertain, Colonel Fleming has had only the minimum of experience in dealing with such principles and problems as now face him. His status is rather indefinite, because the law requires that the appointment of a wages and hours administrator shall be confirmed by the senate, as a policy making official. But Mr. Roosevelt had asked congress to consider only the so-called neutrality legislation at the extra session, and hence he did not submit Colonel Fleming's name.

Another Army Officer Takes Job Outside Military Work

Colonel Fleming is the third army officer to take over a job outside of the military service, lately. First, there was Col. F. C. Harrington, who was made head of the WPA; secondly, Brigadier General Watson was made Mr. Roosevelt's secretary, and lastly, there came the appointment of Colonel Fleming.

It is rather hard to forecast how an army officer is going to deal with one particular part of the job now undertaken by Colonel Fleming—application of the law to certain types of farm labor and to businesses directly connected with farming. A number of organizations, affiliated directly or indirectly, with farm operations have been engaged in a do-or-die struggle here in Washington with Mr. Andrews. I think the mere change in headship of the wage and hour division is not likely to quiet those people, because the increase in wages that became effective October 24 represents the difference between profit and loss in most instances. Probably, the seers who invented the idea of federal control of wages and hours never milked a cow after dark or husked corn on a frosty morning. These conditions were not of the making of Colonel Fleming, but his is the task of attempting to reconcile an inflexible law with conditions that vary in every county in the United States. If he can succeed, some political party ought to nominate him as its presidential candidate next year.

ASK ME ANOTHER ?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

The Questions

1. What is the difference between a contest and a tournament?
2. Why did George Eliot, the English novelist and poet, not live to be an old man?
3. How many time changes from Chicago to San Francisco?
4. What is a trade dollar?
5. For what do the following abbreviations stand: Ad lib.; e.g.; i.e.; viz.?
6. Would you call a person living in Rome a Roman or an Italian?
7. Was the "Star Spangled Banner" originally entitled so?
8. How many Indians are there in Alaska?
9. What does extemporaneous mean?

The Answers

1. A contest is any battle for supremacy; a tournament usually refers to some test of athletics or card skill.
2. George Eliot was a woman.
3. Two—one to mountain time, and one to Pacific time.
4. A U. S. coin not minted since 1885, made for trade in the Orient.

5. Ad libitum, at pleasure; exempli gratia, for example; id est, that is; videlicet, namely.
6. "Roman" generally implies the early Roman empire. "Italian" is used.
7. The "Star Spangled Banner," which became the national anthem of the United States in 1931, or 117 years after its composition by Francis Scott Key, was originally entitled "Defense of Fort M'Henry."
8. There are about 11,000 Indians and 19,000 Eskimos and Aleuts in Alaska. The total population of the territory is about 60,000.
9. Unpremeditated.



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